BROOKLYN'S TROTTING MAN.

THE MAGNATE WHO DROVE BUCKSKIN JOHN BUILDS A \$50,000 TRACK.

One of the Attractions of the Bonzevard-Patron's Sire in a Regal Stable—The Most Cestly Rome for Horses on Long Island—The Mile Track Newly Finished. A mile or so beyond Prospect Park, alongside the Coney Island Boulevard a new mile trotting track and stables, or which busy workmen are putting the finshing touches attract the attention of roadnen who whisk

past behind Long Island's festest steppers. Some thirty years ago, when Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Harper, an Mr. Bonner began educating the public up to the idea that the longer be confined to the ranks of Bowery ports and rollicking butcher boys, a young man with rosy cheeks sad dark hair, who ran a bake shop on Grand street, bought a trotter pameri Buckskin Johr. The horse was a fast one for his day, and sometimes proved his quality on Harlem isne by showering dust on more pretentious steppes. Fortune favored the owner of Buckskin ohn, and his love of horses kept pace with his accumulation of dollars. Buckskin was romoroed by Poughkeepiars. Buckskin was remoted by Poughkeep-sic Pacer, the little tretter Brown Dick, the flyers Tanner Boy, Jung Miller, and the clinking team of mare. Kitty Bates and Lady Pritchard, a team that still ranks as favor-ites in the memory of he man whose dark hair and moustache has turned to silver gray. The above are a le among many horses that the prosperous bar has driven by turn, until at last he becamembued with a desire to raise his own stock, v many a rich roadsman has

before him. The man is 7. John H. Shults, now and for

before him.

The man is #. John H. Shults, now and for many years pet a rosident of Brooklyn. The man years pet a rosident of Brooklyn. The many years pet an investing farm trotters when the place is equipped secording. Mr. Shults's idea of what a breedening farm trotters should be.

In Spits is an educated gentleman with Mr. Spits is an educated gentleman with sits of the state per pet and the state p

Mr. John Hamiln, formerly of the old Prospect Park trottling track, was employed to superintend the building of the new track. The half-mile Deerfoot track had a foundation of stiff clay, with a top dressing of a few inches of loam. This was all dug out, and a layer of loam from a foot to sixteen inches in depth will cover the foundation of the mile circuit. The upper turn follows the same turn of the old track, the backstretch running alongside the horse railroad to the pleasant woods beyond the old club house. The stretches and turns are of the regulation quarter mile, and there is a slight down grade of about three feet on the homestreich, to encourage the horses and add speed down grade of about three feet on the homestretch, to encourage the horses and add speed
to their strides at the finish. The track is
thirty-five feet wide to the ditch. The unsightip board fence that surrounded the old place
has been replaced by high plekets through
which the horses can be seen while on the
track. It is believed that by next summer the
track will be one of the best and safest in the
country, if not the fastest.

Mr. Shuits intends starting for California in
about a month, partly to revisit scenes of his
early youth and to look at the trotters on the
great stock farms. He is a liberal purchaser of
horses that suit his fancy, and it may be that
stars from the Pacific slope will raise Long Island dust alongside the Boulevard in coming
sunny days.

Therewer talk that the track would be used

stars from the Pacific slope will raise Long Island dust alongside the Boulevard in coming sunny days.

There was talk that the track would be used by a club composed of Brooklyn horsemen, but the owner's present idea is to work his horses pnit, with perhaps an occasional brush between Iriends driving their own horses. Contests of speed will take place, but purses and stakes will be urknown on Parkville farm.

Mr. Shults takes pride in his young stock that range from six months old up. He feels the same pleasure that Mr. Lorillard did when he said: "I would rather see my stock on the isrm than on the race course."

The Brooklyn horseman has pronounced views about the methods of training. First, he believes in kindness and firmpess. His colts and fillies are as friendly as Newfoundlands. The youngsters are first taught to stand properly, then walk, next to trot, and then comes the development of speed. Horses thoroughly trained have a great advantage in a race over ihose improperly educated. They will not pull a driver's arms out when he desires them to stop in order to turn about for another start, but by simply minding a word or slight pressure on the bit save their strength for the issue in the race. By exercising patience with horses set in their ways that could not even walk properly, and whose only claim to worth was speed. Mr. Shults has taught them to stop promptly, walk properly, and go the way he wanted them to. Sometimes it requires weeks to gain the confidence of a inventile, but the work is persevered in, and finally the youngster becomes an ant

taught them to stop promptly, walk properly, and go the way he wanted them to. Sometimes it requires weeks to gain the confidence of a juventle, but the work is persevered in, and finally the youngster becomes an apt pupil. When educated to the use of bit and harness the yearlings are hitched to a cart and the walking is gone on with; a slow jog is the next step, and that is all that is asked of them until they are two-year-olds. They are then sent to the training stable, where John Driscoll puts them through their paces. Stanford, a two-year-old by Fledmont, showed a quarter last summer, the first time he was hitched, in forty-flyo seconds.

Five stables on the farm, most of which are finished, have 165 box stalls. The buildings are commodious, substantial, and ornamental. They were begun about a year ago. One building, with rows of stalls in the centre, and a track twoive feet wide at the sides and ends, is Bid feet in length and sixty in width. It is a double structure, separated in the centre, so that half can be shut off in case of fire; but it is all under one roof. The track is used for exercising the youngsters. All the stock, including broad marce, are exercised every day.

Fifty stalls are now occupied by choice stock. At the head stands Pancoast, the rich rosewood bay-coated son of Woodford Mambrino and Blenra. He was bred at Alexander's creat farm in Kentucky. Pancoast tosses his head a foot higher since his now famous son set the five-year-old stallion record at 2:14%.

Next comes Cuylor, the bay son of Hamble-tonian, that points with pride to his daughter fivira's four-year-old record of 2:18%, and Leatrice's (dam of Patron) three-year-old record of 2:18%.

The other sires of bloodlike appearance are Crescondo, by Mambrino Dudley, dam Mayenne, at Parkville, from Leland Stanford's Menlo Park, in California. Parkville is by Electioneer, famous the world over as a great sire of early spood.

cer, famous the world over as a great sire of early speed.

Among the famous dams that visitors look at in the paddocks are Beatrice, sister to Elvira; litty Batas, record of 2:19; Lady Pritchard, rocord 2:21; Maggio Wilkes, called in Reptucky as probably the queen of George Wilkes's maros; trial at three years, 2:39. Bonita, daughter of Electioneer, two-year-old record, 2:24%; four-year-old, 2:18%; seven-year-old, 2:18%. Following Bonita, came Electioneer's daughters Stella. Linda, and Unique. The latest purchases of mares are Mattie Graham, 2:21%; Edith, 2:22%, and Venetic, 2:23%.

Among the pets is a white pied chestnut colt eight months old, by Panebast, out of Algath, lie is the first loaled at the farm. Mr. W. W. Whut, Mr. Shults's head business man, and Mr. Mosler, who has the handling of the young pupils, unite in saying that the colt is the fastest stepper ever seen at his age.

Nut Pan, a brown colt, by Nutwood, out of Isaquena, of the same age as Paneoast's young son, is a promising rival to the chestnut. He was bred in Kentucky.

Nut Pine, a six-months-old son of Nutwood and Maggio Wilkes, is a large, strong, finely proportioned fellow. He is a chestnut with a star, and promises to make the star shine in front when called upon.

A soore of other colts and fillies look robust and racing-like enough to add fame to Long Island's horses when the time comes for them to dash under the wire.

Coal Boats on the Conal. PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Dec. 11.-The last

loaded boats of the season of 1887 carrying coal by the Delaware and Hudson Canal have passed this point on their way to tide water, and are sais from any ice blockade that might lay them up with their loads aboard for the winter. The season has been unusually prosperous both for the company and the boatmen. There have been no breaks in the banks of the canal, no lack d water, nor other serious impediments to hawkation. The company added about fifty boats to its fleet at the commencement of the present season, making about 600 boats altosation; and owing to this addition and to a gain in the number of trips made, the total shipments of coal for the season foot up 878.000 tons, an increase of twenty per cent, over the shipments of 1886.

The boatmen organged on the canal have had the best eason known in many years. The company has allowed them this season a reduction of \$5 per trip on the former hire of the boats. They have been favored, also, in the matter of quick navigation, so that they have made an average of from twelve to thirteen trips this season between Honesdale and Rondout, as against eight to nine trips last year, as they are paid by the trip they have been enabled to resitize unusual and handsome returns for their summer's work. this point on their way to tide water, and are

LIKE MANY ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT. An Experience which Many a Sporting Mar

There was to be a bloody prize fight between Patrick Peterson of Paterson and John Farrell of the Bowery. Peterson is an athletic dik weaver and the hero of several minor battles. He weighs 150 pounds, and is nimble and wiry. Farrell is a much bigger man, weighing 182 pounds, but seemingly not so nervy a Peterson. He, too, has fought often, and has ron many victories. The fight was to be to the death if necessary, and for \$500 stakes. It was at first declared with great certainty that the fight would come off in a barn near Montplair in the early morning of Dec. 7. Next it was said it was going to be upon a barge in the Hudson River on the night of Dec. 5. Finally it leaked out that the men were going to fight like cats at night on Dec. 9 at a hotel on the Pine Brook road between Newark and Boon-

ton, nine miles from Paterson.

A Sun reporter heard of the fight on Friday afternoon and set himself to the task of finding out by the aid of maps and gazetteers and railroad guides where Pine Brook was. He found that Pine Brook was in the northern part of New Jersey, equally distant from every other place in the northern part of New Jersey. He took a night train for Paterson on the Delaware. Lackawanna and Western Railroad, but did not get off at Paterson. He kept on the train past station after station, following the advice of as many different people, until he finally jumped off in desperation at Boonton. Then he rode six miles across country, through mud, over fences, through a river, and on and on until the driver pulled up his horse at a country hotel. It was pitch dark, and the hotel might have een in the middle of a lot for all that could b seen about it. From a broken pane in the dimly lighted barroom window came the sound of oaths and quarrelling.

The reporter went inside the hotel, and was The reporter went inside the hotel, and was shortly followed by the driver, bearing with him his horse blankets, whip, and harness, "so as to have 'em when we go back." A tail, gaunt Jerseyman behind the bar was dealing out applejack to a row of drinkers. The room was crowded with men, each of whom seemed to want to whip each of the others while awaiting the event of the evening. Peterson and Farreli were in the crowd, telling the boys to keep quiet. All there, with the exception of two long countrymen, the reporter, and his driver, had come from Paterson.

It was 8:30 o'clock, and the prize fighters announced that they would not begin to kill each other until midnight. The reason of this was that the fighters had discovered upon arriving at the hotel a crowd of about forty Paterson boys there who all had tickets for the light, but none of whom, to the fighters' certain knowledge, had paid the \$\frac{5}{2}\$ apleee for their tickets which they should have paid. All the tickets had, in fact, been distributed upon the promises of the recipients to pay for them at the place of the fight. Now, although the boys had lots of love for the fighters, they had no money, and wanted to go in free. The fighters more or less harshly intimated that they weren't going to break up their faces for nothing, and that unless somehody forked up some money there wouldn't be any fight. Then the fighters themselves were startled by the cold announcement of the landlord from behind the bar that nobody was going to get into his basement to fight until he got some money for it. So it was generally agreed to delay the fight until somebody came who had some money.

This condition of affairs lasted until 11% o'clock, when a second delegation of Paterson men arrived in a coach. They included two well-known saloon keepers. They were eagerly greeted, and the arrangements for the combat began. Volunteers were found to act as Peterson's and Farrell's seconds, and two young men were appointed timekeepers.

"Now then, boys," said one of the seconds, shortly followed by the driver, bearing with

got together.

"Now then, boys," said one of the seconds, a

"Now then, boys," said one of the seconds, a pug-nosed man, "we've got to make these fellows fight. This fight lies right here with us five men, and shall we have any fun or shan't we? All we've got to do is to have the timekeepers give 'em lots of time. Don't call the ten seconds if a man is getting up, and give 'em time when they git groggy."

The timekeepers agreed to this programme. Then one of the fighters thus addressed the timekeepers.

timekeepers:
"Now, d'ye mind what I'm tellin' ye. You
fellers just call out that ten seconds whether
the man who's down is gittin' up or not, and
don't you give anybody no lots of time neither.
You hear me?"

fellers just call out that ten seconds whether the man who's down is gittin up or not, and don't you give anybody no lots of time neither. You hear me?"

Each timekeeper hastened to find some one else to take his place, but found the job impossible. Then both of them said they didn't have any watches. The watches were provided and the timekeepers were told to stand up like men and do their duty. They consented. The fighters took their places at the door leading down to the little basement hall of the hotel, and asked the gentlemen to please step up and pay their money and go down stairs and see a hot, nasty fight. The landlord asked for the money for the hall, and one of the fighters promptly knocked him under his own bar. He behaved himself during the rest of the evening. The fighter proceeded:

"Now, gentleman, the fight is going to begin, if you please." And then after a pause, during which none of the gentlemen moved, he added:

"What'd you come here for, you blokes? Did you want to see us get busted for nothin? What are you made of, any way?"

Still no one moved, and after continuing the strain of objectation for some time, the fighter said despairs ly:

"Well, you am go in for \$2."

Four men went in. Then a voice raised itself from the crowd flereely:

"You'd no need to bring us way up here. Cost me all my money to get here. I could ha got ye the neatest little hole in Enst Newark ye ever see, as tight as a drum and as safe as a jail. I ain't a going't op pay no \$2 to see no fight when I had to come so fur."

The boys yelled approval, and the man at the door said rapidly in an oily, pleasant tone:

"Well, boys, I'm a fair, square man, I am, and I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let ev'ry man here as is a workin' man in fer a dollar, but all the sports has got to pay two dollars."

A dozen men who declared that they were workingmen paid their dollar and went down stairs. The rest of the boys, who were, of course, sports, stood with their hands in their pockets looking ruefully at the doortender. Then the do

That's wat I thought it wuz to be," said another.

The fighters said that that fight was to be fought with four-ounce gloves. There was no further comment. The referee called time, and Peterson and Farrell rushed in. They whacked and banged at each other, and jumped over and around each other, making a loud thumping on the floor with their feet, and grunting and gasping. Peterson led and Farrell acted upon the defensive, but got in some resounding plows on Peterson's back. Farrell's cheek, too, bore witness to Peterson's efforts. When time was called both men appeared to be about winded.

bore witness to Peterson's efforts. When time was called both men appeared to be about winded.

The men were wary of each other at the opening of the second round. The jumping and whacking soon began again, and suddenly Feterson got in a blow on Farrell's left chest which sounded mightily. Farrell sank to the floor and remained there, apparently unable to get up. He rolled over two or three times, but could not rise. About twenty seconds passed, and the timekeepers had to call time. The referee gave the fight and what money there was in the hat to Peterson. Farrell was helped up by his second. He seemed as well as ever in a minute. A young man from Paterson offered to fight the winner of the fight, but the winner loftly declined.

"Wall, I'll be dummed," said one of the long Jerseymen in the room, "el I'd a known their twuz only goin' to be as much ez this I'd a staid hum. Ketch me goin' to a prize fight sgin. Why, there ain't no blood nor nothin."

The sporte swore like pirates because the fight didn't last longer, and said the whole affair was a job. They were forced to forget their height didn't last longer, and said the whole affair was a job. They were forced to forget their hollowed for places in the conveyances going back to Paterson. Some of the teams had already departed, carrying less men than they brought. The result of the scramble which followed for their home, nine miles away, without them. Those in the carriages sent back mocking words to those who were left behind, and the men in the roda answered profanely. The landlord locked the barroom door, The great and gory battle was ended.

A Colored Justice of the Peace.

PLAINFIELD, Dec. 11.-Lewis R. Peterson, full-blooded negro. was sworn in as Justice of the Peace before Mayor Wall on Saturday night. He was elected at the charter election held on Tuesday. He is the first colored Jus-tice of the Peace ever elected in New Jersey. He is fifty-one years old. His term of office will begin next May. He says he is going to read law all winter that he may be ready for the bench in the spring.

Killed for Stealing Coal.

FREDERICE, Md., Dec. 11 .- James H. Gam-Flouring Mill. Jast night shot and killed Nelson Stanton. a celored man, whom he caught in the act of stealing claif routing Mill. last night shot and killed Nelson Stanton. a celored man, whom he caught in the act of stealing claif from the mill. The Coroner's large to day rendered a verdict to the affect that the shooting was "a place of mischance and accident," and young Gambrill was ruleased from custody.

WASHED BLOOD OFF THE AXE

BROWER HIS LIFE. Brower Still Unconscious-A Possi bility but No Probability of Recovery-Mrs. Mary Jane Levis Also Arrested.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Brower, who was struck three times with an axe during the early morning hours of Saturday, in her home near Hempstead, L. L. was still alive at a late hour resterday afternoon. The news of the assault and the subsequent arrest of Lewis F. Brower, her husband, had been spread about the counchurches being few and far between, the people flocked to the scene of the assault in all sorts of vehicles. They swamped the storm-battered Brower homestead and the persons who were in charge. The three married daughters of the Brower family, a son, and a son-in-law, did the honors with as much complacency as though it were a surprise party that had descended upon them. The poor old woman lay on the ramshackle old bed in the kitchen. The almost ceaseless tossing of her head to and fro and her ster torous breathing were the only signs that life still remained. The blood had been washed from her face and hands, and clean linen had replaced the blood-stained bed clothing. A score of times during the day the three great wounds on top of her head had been closely examined by curious people. Everybody who en tered was invited to step up to the bedside and see them. The wounds are from two to three inches in length, and about one and a half inches deep. They are on top of the head, and are parallel, ranging from the apex toward the forehead, as though the person who had inflict ed them had stood with his right hand to the bed facing the head and struck right-handed blows. The neighbors formed all kinds of theories, but they agreed upon one thing, that Mary Jane Lewis, the woman with whom, according to common report, Mr. Brower was enamored of, should be arrested. When Deputy Sheriff Sol Allen appeared he was asked to arrest her, but he was uncertain regarding the amount of authority that was vested in him. The influence in favor of her apprehension became so strong that he finally concluded to run chances and lock her up, George to run chances and lock nor up, Georke Powers drove him over to Mrs. Lewis's house. The house is a miserable little building with a wealth of weather-stained boards that have never known either paint or white wash. A medium-sized woman, without any perceptible waist and a complexion like that of the clay eaters of the South, appeared in the doorway and said.

eaters of the Board and said: "I guess you've come about that Brower o was Mrs. Lewis and she expressed her She was Mrs. Lewis and she expressed her willingness to go with the deputy sheriff. In the house at the time was William Waring, a sallow-complexioned youth about 18 years old. He is the son of Mrs. Lewis by David Waring, a shoemaker, who lived with Mrs. Lewis for several years. It was concluded to take the boy into custody also, and both were driven to Hempstead, leaving Phœbe Smith, a niece of Mrs. Lewis, and Charles Smith, a neighbor, in charge of the house.

boy into custody also and both were driven to Hempstend, leaving Phoebe Smith, a niece of Mrs. Lewis, and Charles Smith, a neighbor, in charge of the house.

The Brower house was carefully examined again yesterday in the light of the statement made by Mr. Bower shortly after he had alarmed the neighbors at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning. He said, among other things:

"I was so frightened (when he saw the men enter the kitchen] that I jumped out of bed and hid in a box in an outhouse for about half an hour. Then I got into the garret by a window."

The only window through which he could have entered was one of two that opens on a shed, the lowest point of which is about seven feet from the ground. The roof slants. It would be impossible for the most agile athlet to have climbed upon this roof without climbing upon something else first. The roof bore no marks of footsteps. Next the inside of the windows was examined. They opened inward, and wore found to be covered with cobwebs that had not been disturbed. That discovery stamped one portion of Brower's statement as a lie. When he went for help he passed the houses of Farmers Powers and Grant, which are less than 500 yards from his house, and rail, according to his story, three-quarters of a mile away to the house of his grandson, George Morritt. Farmer Barney Powers, a very intelligent man, said yesterday to a reporter:

"It was nearly 6 o'clock in the morning when Brower and his grandson passed my house on their way back. I asked Brower what alled him, and he said something about two men killing his wife and wounding him. I asked him where he was hurt, and he said all over. My sons, my daughter, and myself went back to his house with him. Then some of the other neighbors came in, and a careful search was made. Brower began telling me just how two men got in, and how they struck his wife but I let him see that I didn't believe him, and he shut up. An axe was feund behind the kitchen door. The light was dim, and I gave it to my son and told him. -o examine It and s If Brower had cried aloud for help he c

axe out, and saw that an attempt had been made to wash the blood stains away.

"If Brower had cried aloud for help he could have been heard distinctly at my house, for we are up about 4 o'clock in the morning."

Mr. Powers said that when he arrived at the house the blood that was spattered about was dry, showing that it had been shed several hours before.

Deputy Sheriff Allen said that when Brower alarmed the neighbors he wore a pair of blood-stained overalls, which he changed shortly afterward for another pair. All the neighbors who live near the Brower homestead concur in saying that Brower spent nearly every night with Mrs. Lewis. After the latter had been locked up in Jamaica with her son, District Attorney Fleming was asked to permit a reporter of this paper to interview her. She was brought into a court room, and, in answer to many questions, said:

"My son and I went to bed at 9% o'clock on Friday night. Mr. Brower was not there at any time during the night. He was seldom there, although we were good friends and he used to visit me occasionally. He never gave me anything except what I paid him for. The first I heard of the murder was on Saturday morning, when Mrs. Shaith, a neighbor, told me of it. My son, another young man named Walter Southard, and my brother, Do Witt Baldwin, saw two men loitering about on Thursday night. I never threatened Mrs. Brower, and I would not hurt her for the world. I carn my living by cultivating, as best I can thirteen acres of land which surrounds my house."

Then William Waring, Mrs. Lewis's son, was questioned, Ho can neither read nor write, He said that Mr. Brower did not call upon his mother on Friday night and that he never, to his knowledge, spent the night there.

Drs. Rhame, Searing, and Hamford have examined Mrs. Brower. Dr. Searing said:

"She seems to be dying of heart failure. Seeley Sprague, who was assaulted by the negro murderer Ruge, was similarly wounded, and he recovered, and is apparently as well as ever to-day. Mrs. Brower may raily, and, if it is dee

A Safe Robber Captured,

MOBEETIE, Texas, Dec. 11 .- Harry Johnon, who was brought here yesterday by Sheriff McGhee of Hemphill county, confessed to the robbery of the County Treasurer's safe in Circlaville, Reynolds county, Mo., on the night of Nov. 25. He and three companions! two men and a woman, were arrested on a train at Canadian last week. The woman was searched, and \$2,500 was found on her person, which she said had been given her by Johnson. The other had been given her by Johnson. The other two men were discharged. An attempt was made yesterday to get Johnson out of jail on habeas corpus, and when it failed his two pals offered the Sheriff \$2,500 to permit Johnson to escape. He says in his confession that they were accomplices in the robbery, and the officers have gone after them. The amount secured by the robbers was \$20,000. Sheriff Medibee will get a reward of \$1,000 for the capture of Johnson. He will be held here for safe keeping until extradition papers are received.

Buffalo Irishmen on Chamberlain.

BUFFALO, Dec. 11 .- Several interviews are published regarding the social entertainment of Joseph Chamberlain, the English Fishery Commissioner. The Hon. James Mooney, formerly President of the Irish Nationa League, said: "I regard Mr. Chamberlain's visit to this country as an insult to a large portion of the American people. The English tion of the American people. The English Government had no use for him and sent him to this country to get rid of him."

Police Captain Kilroy, a leading Irishman, said that it was an insult to the United States for Mr. Caimberlain to bring along his detectives as though this was a nation of murderers. Ex-Police Superintendent Curtin said it was an outrage for William O'Brien to be in Tullamore jail while Chamberlain was banqueted in Washington. He was glad that The Sun and other papers had taken notice of the feeling among Buffalo Irishmen. Another meeting is to be held in a few days to act on the matter. THE COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH CRASE.

A Manager's Scheme for a Composite Sta AN ACTION THAT MAY COST LEWIS F. in a Composite Play Speaking Volapuk. "So Dan Frohman is going to have composite photographs made of the men in the Lyceum company, then of the women, finally a co-composite of the two results. Well. what will he do with it?" was the query among a knot of managers, who were discussing

"There is only one thing to do with it." said a rival manager, " and I thought it all out last June, when a school friend of my wife came back from Vassar with her head filled with 'composite craze,' and her portfolio bulgion with photographs. I am going to organize syndicate, and intend to utilize it as soon aswell, say when the long-promised Broadway theatre is completed.

"This is the scheme: First select an ideal list of artists, male and female, ten on a side, in sharp contrast to each other-con prising, for instance, such people as the robust elder Salvini, the scholarly Irving, the intel lectual Booth, the sympathetic Jefferson, the eccentric Robson, the unctious Crane, quaint Harrigan, the fiery young Salvini, the romantic Bellew, and the comic Goodwin; supplemented by the languishing Ellan Terry, the womanly Rose Coghlan, sympathetic Effle Ellster, the vigorous Janauschek, the plaintive Annio Russell, the blooming Langtry, the antic Lotta, the handsome Marle Burroughs, the stately Modieska, and, possibly, the well-dressed Mrs. Potter. Then get your composite negative of these men, afterward of the women, and a co-composite of the respective male and female result. This will give you a co-composite result which should represent a high ideal actor or actress—you can call it he, 'she,' or possibly 'it. You now have your photographic ideal. This is, presumably, as lar as Frohman goes.

"Now, to be practical, Advertise in The Sun as follows: Wanted a being perfect enough to match an ideal artist, uniting the highest qualities and graces of twenty of the best actors and actresses on the stage.' You'll get plonty of applicants. Hoboken, Greenpoint, and the schools of acting are full of them. If you strike the right one (and there's no telling what you'll strike when you advertise for talent), why, you have your company complete, multum in parro, or multi in uno, as it were. It is yet too carly in the composite process to state definitely upon what this composite creature is to be nourished—presumably, however, a mixed diet of, we will say, ple, pickles, prunes, plum pudding—this to be washed down with a bumper of milk, sour lemonade, and hot Scotch. Having thus got your composite creature in good condition, go further, and apply your composite process to your stage work. Take a palace, a kitchen, a garden, a wood, and a street—get a composite result. It ought to resemble an average struck from a tornado-swept lowa town. quaint Harrigan the flary young Salviol, the romantic Bellew, and the comic Goodwin; sup-

process to your stage work. Take a palace, a kitchen, a garden, a wood, and a street-get a composite result. It ought to resemble an average struck from a tornado-swept lows town, a Buddensiek building, and a railway smashup. Now for the vehicle; for in this new composite cosmus, as in our present dramatic world. The play's the thing. Take, therefore, a tragedy, a comedy, a farce, a burlesque, and a skit, ellp lines from each, and edit them with paste and brush—a bill poster could do it—and you have your play. Speaking of the bill poster reminds me that a line composite play bill could probably be got from a combination of a Booth, a Langtry, a Dockstader, a Harrigan, a 'She,' a 'Jim the Penman,' and an asthetic Elaine' poster, with the respective colors properly blended. And now to can the climax: 'This artist, in this composite play, filustrated by a composite scene, in order to appeal to the publics of all countries, must speak in the universal composite language, 'Volapuk,' And there you are, with your composite performer, play, scenes, and posters, and language. There is no reason why, with careful management, you shouldn't eclipse Mansfield in his dual creation, Frank Lincoln in his monologue, or any stage 'single-sticker' who ever stalked athwart the boards. Of course, to properly review the entertainment to be given, you ought to have a composite critic, too. So, you see, we've provided for everything, and with one artist in one play in one scene, carrying one trunk, you can defy Inter-State law and sweep the country. Oh, yes, we've thought it all out. Dan Frohman may think he's smart with his transatiantic telegraph boys and his composite photographs, but we're 'wwy in the van this time. You have to rise very early in the morning to be up first in our business."

SHE WAS A DEMOCRAT.

Aunt Sally Betts of Pencock's Point Bead in her 74th Year.

The Gentlemen's Sons of the Eleventh ward are in mourning for the death of Miss Sarah Ann Betts, better known as Aunt Sally. who died at Peacock Point, near Glen Cove, or Friday. For many years the Sons were wont to have their annual chowder and plenic at Peacock Bay, and they always visited Aunt Sally, who lived alone in a little farm house a mile from the beach. These annual visits were much prized by Aunt Sally, who put on her best dress and threw open her doors to the Eleventh [warders. One of these visits were made during the national campaign of 1880. The band made their appearance in front of Aunt Sally's door, while the visitors brought out all the spare chairs in the old lady's house and took sents upon the green, while Aunt Sally, in her ancient wooden rocker, welcomed the boys in her own hospitable way. A Hancock meet-ing was formed under the trees some distance from the farm house, while the followers of Gar-lield held another, the Gentlemens, Sons being from the farm house, while the followers of Garfield held another, the Gentlemens' Sons being
divided in their volitical ideas. It was suggested to sound Aunt Sally on her politics.

In reply to a question touching political matters, she said: "Well, my boys, I don't know
what's your polities, but as for me, I am a
Democrat." This brought a roar from the unterrified that woke up the villagers. "I wish
old Jackson was alive." she went on. "He was
the man that would make the rascals toe the
mark. There was no nonsense about him, and
when he said a thing he meant it."

The old lady's speech, reported in The Sun a
few days after, was used as a campaign document through the country. Aunt Sally was
presented with a handsome badge of membership by the Hancock and English Campaign
Club of the Eleventh ward of this city, and
made an honorary member of the Gentlemen's
Sons' Association. Aunt'Sally was in her 74th
year.

THE FOX GOT AWAY.

Next Day He Fell a Victim to a Young Sport While Busting His Breakfast.

READING, Dec. 11 .- Farmer James Addis attended a fox chase at a tavern several miles from his home last week and watched seventyfive beagle hounds let loose after a large brown fox that had been freshly caught in the Blue Mountains. The old man observed the yelping pack howling over the meadows and followed on horseback after the eager dogs with the lox twenty minutes ahead. An hour later the oid man returned crestialien. The fox had escaped. "It was one of the grandest chases I ever saw!" he said when he reached home. "And if ever a fox deserved his life and liberty, that fox did. I shall never forget how he looked the last time I saw him whisking his tail along the fence that crossed the stream up in the hills. He was a fine animal, and had the most sense and pluck of any fox I ever saw. But he got away, and I'm glad of it. He was too good a fox to get caught.

The old man went to bed still gloating over the escape of the animal. The next morning before dawn, the farmer heard the noise of a discharged shot gun out in his barn yard. He hurried down and out, and there mot his 14 year old son with a gun.

"I've got him, pap," said the boy. "I shot him," "What did you shoot?" asked the farmer. The boy led the way to a vacant pig sty and pointed within. "There he lays. I shot him dead." The old man looked in, and by the light of a lantern saw it was the very lox that had given them so grand a chase the day before. The animal having run the hills nearly all the night had come to the farm yard for food. "Well, well, that's too bad, too bad, "said the old man sadly. "I would not have had you shot that fox for ten dollars. I'd have been willing to feed him well for the balance of his life." on horseback after the eager dogs with the fox

The Volunteer's Costly Ballast,

Boston, Dec. 11 .- Gen. Paine, just before starting for New York last season to take part in the trial races, found that the Volunteer could take on board several more tons of bal last, and the question was, what was the best thing to use that would fill up all the spaces. and still stow away low down and solidly? The General was not long in deciding what was best to use, so he went and purchased the material, and, by prior arrangement, it arrived material, and, by prior arrangement, it arrived at Lawley's yard just after the workmen had quit work and had left for the day. There were a number of small boxes and they were all labelled "cement." Capt. Haff was there when the boxes arrived, and at once set the men at work in getting the ballast on board the Volunteer. Those who were present thought that the cement was pretty heavy, for although the boxes were less than a foot square it was about as much as any one of the sturdy tars wanted to do to handle one. It was well into the night before the boxes were put on board, and early the next morning they were opened. The members of the crew were surprised when they saw that the boxes were filled with the smallest buckshot. The shot was laid in the proper place, and afterward cement was placed over it, and it is now packed solidly in the Volunteer. It was an original idea with Gen. Paine. One can easily see how the small shot would fill every crevice, and at the same time be stowed solidly and low down. The two tons of ballast were quite expensive.

CLUBS IN MADISON AVENUE

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON STIR OVER A MAN FIGHTING DRUNK.

Three Policemen Tackle Him-Churchgoin Citizens Interfere-One Policeman Choked and his Cont Spilt up the Back,

A small, wiry man, whose clothes were muddy, crossed the bridge over the Fourth avenue open cut at Forty-eighth street about 3% o'clock yesterday afternoon with another man. He had been drinking, and was shouting. Fifteen minutes later a crowd was gathered about the same man at the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-eighth street. The man bruise upon the top of the head, and he was yelling at the top of his lungs.

Three policemen had hold of him. One had the man's right wrist securely gripped with a police "clincher." Two of the policemen had their clubs in their hands, when a young gentleman connected with Bradstreet's joined the crowd. He saw one of the policemen raise his club to strike the man. At that moment C. B Schenck, President of the Consumers' Coal Company, stepped out of the crowd and walked

ciub to strike the man. At that mement C. 8.
Schenck. President of the Consumers' Coal
Company, stepped out of the crowd and walked
up to the policeman.

"If you strike that man again," he said, "I'll
go straight down to Headquarters and make a
complaint against you. You've been brutal
enough already. You've hit the man four times.
Three policemen cught to be able to take a
prisoner to the station without using a club
that way."

Mr. Schenck made a memorandum of the two
policemen's numbers. They were 649 and 1,835.
He said he had seen the policemen club the
man on the head and on the body and legs.
R. Y. Woodbury of 245 West Twenty-second
street protested against the clubbing, too, and
so did a quiet little man in the crowd who
wouldn't give his name. It turned out that he
was a policeman in citizen's dress.

The policemen put up their clubs and
brought the man down to the police station in
the basement of the Grand Central Depot. He
kieked and yelled, and it seemed to be about
all the three policeman Louis G. Franklin of the
East Fifty-first street squad made complaints
that the prisoner was drunk and disorderly.
They were the men whose numbers Mr.
Schenck had taken. Policeman Masterson
turned his back to the Sergeaut to show where
his coat had been split up the middle. He told
the Sergeant that he saw the prisoner flop
down on his face in the mud as soon as he
crossed the railroad bridge and kick out his
arms and legs as if he were in swimming. He
swore and hit at every passer by. When he
went up to the man the latter sprang at his
throat and choked him with all his might.
Then he caught him by the back of his coat
and tore it as quick as a flash.

"I had to use my club." Masterson added,
because I couldn't do anything with him until Franklin came to my help. A lot of citizens
stood around, but wouldn't help me at all."
George Meyer of 156 East Seventy-seventh
there and Max Cohen of \$20 East Seventy-seventh
is created and seventh of his couldn't of his out who the prisoner was, but couldn't. He either cou

GRAND LODGE OF FLKS.

Over 400 Delegates Present-A Sunday Dinner at Koster & Binl's.

The Grand Lodge of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks began its annual session in Masonic Temple yesterday morning. Over-400 delegates were present, from all parts of the country, and representing all of the seventy-odd lodges. In the afternoon the New York Lodge, No. 1, entertained the Grand Lodge at Koster & Bial's, when over 300 members sat down to a banquet, E. C. Chamberlain, L. Mendel, and M. Mullone formed the Banquet Committee, J. J. Spies, Exalted Ruler, presided and welcomed the visiting brethren. The response was made by Exalted Grand Ruler Will E. English, Jr., of Indianapolis. Then the brethren fell to, and were accompanied in their exertions by strains from "Erminie," which were repeated to satisfy their prolonged ap-

were repeated to satisfy their prolonged applause.

Among those present were several managers from out of town: John W. Norton of St. Louis, James Eennesy of Cincinnati, James G. Miller of Columbus, Ohio; John Meech of Buffalo, Harry Stone of Paterson, George W. June of Indianapolis. Wm. Chalet of Pittsburgh. Emil Boulier of Louisville, Tony Pastor, Gus Heckler, Harry Sanderson, Hugh Farrar McDermott, Frank P. Wade, passenger agent of the Wabash Railroad; W. D. Weatherall, passenger agent of the Vandalla Railroad; Joseph T. Fanning, City Clerk of Indianapolis; Judge J. Jones of St. Louis, Edwin Stearns of the Boston Herald, Lioyd Breeze of Grand Rapids, Harry Kennedy, Andrew Gilligan of Cincinnati, Co. Wm. Shaw of Cincinnati, D. P. West of Springfield, Ohio; David T. Lynch of Brooklyn, Daniel Kelly, Simon Quinian, and Ernest Vieit, passenger agent of the Northwestern Railroad. After the banquet the session in Masonic Temple was resumed.

resumed.

In the evening the New York Lodge tendered a fraternal social session to the visiting members in the local ledge room over Koster & Bial's. By 10 o'clock the big room was filled with Eiks, eigar smoke, and melody. Brother & C. Wersland, prestited, and digital models. with Eigs, cigar smoke, and melody. Brother A. C. Moreland presided, and displayed the same executive skill which is nightly applauded when he appears as the interlocutor at Dockstader's. In fact, a large part of the "Menu Musicai" was contributed by the Dockstader people. Mr. Mullay and his orchestra and the messenger bovs played and sang. Brothers Reed, José. Rieger, French, and others sang the songs they sing so well, and Brother Lew Dockstader gave three of his best-known specialties. The Blossom quartet from "Pete," Brother Fred. Runnells, Brother Harry Kennedy, and a dozen others added to the pleasure of the entertainment. As the social did not begin until shortly before 10 o'clock, and there were twenty numbers on the programme, most of which had to be repeated, it will be understood that the hour of parting was somewhat late.

Today the session will be conficued in what late.

To-day the session will be continued in Clarendon Hall, when the election of officers

WITH BLOOD-STAINED HANDS.

James Leary, in His Plight, Appiles for

Lying at the point of death in St. Barnabas Hospital at Newark is a young man whose throat was cut because he would not give a growler rusher a quarter to buy beer. At 12', o'clock yesterday morning Peter Beilly, 18 years of age, was standing in Ferry street, near the corner of Van Buren street, when he was accosted by a stranger, who demanded money. Rellly refused him, and an instant later he was lying on the ground, bleeding from a gash which extended from the lobe of his right ear around under his chin. He screamed, and his assailant ran away, leaving his hat behind him

around under his chin. He screamed, and his assailant ran away, leaving his hat behind him on the ground.

Policeman O'Connor heard the cry and found the youth, who was instantly taken to the Third precinct station, and attended by a surgeon and a priest. Subsequently he was sent to the hospital. Meanwhile, a general alarm was sent out for the arrest of a hatless young man with a red moustache, and policemen scoured the city. They caught two young men without hats inside of a half hour, but neither turned out to be the murderer. Relily could take but would not give satisfactory answers to the questions put to him by the police, except to say that the assailant was a stranger, about 21 years old, with a red moustache. Soveral young men who were supposed to have witnessed the cutting were arrested, and from one of them it was learned that James Leary of 37 Downing street was the man who cut Relily. At 3 o'clock Capt. Daily and Sergeant Tracy with two other officers found Leary at his house, and captured him after a struggle. Leary is 25 years old and lived with his parents. It is said he was with a gang of companions and stopped Relily as he was going home. Leary would not make any admissions after his arrest, and was sent to Police Headquarters.

was going home. Leary would not make any admissions after his arrest, and was sent to Police Headquarters.

After cutting Reilly, Leary ran through the lots, over several fences, and finally reached the corner of Jackson and Downing streets. Here he knocked at the door of a house and asked permission to wash his hands. A woming gave him soap and water, handed him a towel, and stood watching him as he washed the blood from his hands. This was the injured boy's mother. Leary in his flight had accidentally applied at the house of Reilly's perents. Mrs. lielly positively identifies him as the man who came to the house.

Police Surgeon Clark said yesterday morning that he believed that the boy was fatally wounded, but last night he modified this opinion and said there were chances of recovery. Leary will be held.

No, the Island Yawns for Him.

August Jansen, the red-headed coachman who always insists that his employer's daughter wants to marry him, does not like the prospect of spending the next tweive months on the Island. Yesterday he sent this letter to Justico Welde: New York Dec. 11, 1887.

Justico Weldo:

New York. Dec. 11, 1887.

Juge Welde I bage your honor to Release me without ball and I shall promise faithfully to leave The city of new york tomorries. I will save me expenses that not to have me to bring it to Higher court for I so not Wish to Aney anybody and I also beg you To give me hack the money and Reference Checks an artekies Wich youar Declive haves.

"He has got check," was Justice Welde's comment on the letter.

MISS HERRERLING'S TWO CHILDREN. She Leaves One at William Mangeld's House

A policeman was called into Prof. George Mangold's house, at \$36 East Eighteenth street. on Saturday night, to take charge of a baby that had been left there. He took the baby to Police Headquarters, and told the old story. that it had been found on the door step. Late yesterday afternoon a young brunette with a troubled countenance went to Matron Webb, on the top floor of Police Headquarters, and son, William George Mangold, named after its father. Then she told her story to Sergeant O'Toole while she trundled Helen, a fifteenmonths-old tot, which she said was another Mangold, on her knee. Her mother, a kindlyfaced woman, was with her. "My name is Matilde Hebberling," she said,

"and I am 20 years old. I have no home and

no occupation. Five years ago my father was a

druggist doing business at 709 Seventh avenue. His clerk was William George Mangold, son of

Prof. George Mangold, teacher of music in the Normal College, Mangold was then 19 years old. We became engaged to be married. Three years ago my father died. While on his death bed, Mangold promised him that he would take care of me. Soon afterward Mangold betrayed me. My mother and I were living at Fifty-sixth street and Ninth avenue, and there Helen was born. In last June we went to live at the Vanderbilt Hotel, Fortysecond street and Lexington avenue. At this
time Mangold stopped visiting me,
"On Nov. 22 my boy baby was born at the
hotel. We were living there on means left us
by my father, but last week I paid our last \$5
to the proprietor, Matthew Clune. On Saturday he informed us that we must leave his
hotel. I went out in the pouring rain without
a penny in my pocket. I have never received a
cent from Mangold, who is now a student in
the College of Physicians and Surgeons at
Fifty-ninth street and Tenth avenue. I went
to Sister Mary Irene's Foundling Asylum at
Sixty-ciatht street and Tenth avenue, and
asked to have my boy sheltered. I was told
that I could not leave it unloss I gave full surrender. I could not give up my babe, so I determined that the Mangolds should do their
duty toward me. I went to their house and
asked for George. I did not see him, but I met
his father and mother. They said that George
was carning no money and had none for me.
Mrs. Mangold ofered me \$2, which I refused,
I put the baby down on the sofa in the sitting
room and started to go.

"If you leave the baby here,' Mrs. Mangold
said, 'I'll have you arrested.'

"Do,' I answered,' and then I'll have a place
to sleep."
"I then left the house, and my mother, and I went to live at the Vanderbilt Hotel, Forty

to sleep."
I then left the house, and my mother, and I "I then left the house, and my mother, and I "I then left the house, and my mother, and I found shelter for the night at Forty-fourth street and Sixth avenue."

Matron Webb took care of Miss Hebberling, her babies, and her mother last night. This morning, she says, she will make another demand that Mangold support her and the children. Last September she had Mangold before Justice Smith at the Tombs Court, and the case was dismissed. was dismissed.

Mrs. Mangold said last night that Miss Heb-

Mrs. Mingold said last night that Miss Hobberling came to her sixteen months age, just before her first child was born, and said that she wished George was a doctor so that he could see her through her confinement. She said that she was married to a contractor named Brady, that the unborn child was his, that he had deserted her, and that she had heard that he was in New Orleans.

"She has given us a great deal of annoyance ever since her father's death," said Mrs. Mangold. "Her mother was anxious to have my son marry her daughter, so that they could continue the drug store Mr. Hobberling left them. But William says that he never had any idea of marrying the girl. On Friday she came here and pleaded poverty. Out of pity for the baby I gave her \$5. When my son heard of it, he was very angry. She came here with her aunt and demanded \$25."

Prof. Mangold said inst night that his son was to have had the girl arrested to-day for testifying to the Board of Health that he was the father of her baby. Mrs. Mangold said it was a case of black mail.

Prof. Mangold said the young woman's name was not Hebberling, though that was her father's name, but she was married to a man named Brady.

HOSTILE YAQUIS. The Indians Devastating a Large Region in

Spite of the Mexican Troops NOGALES, Ariz., Dec. 11 .- The Yaqui Indians are still giving the Mexican authorities trouble, and have become so bold as to necessitate the calling out of the troops again. The killing of Cajeme did not stop the war, but rather stimulated it. The Indians still have a number of able leaders who are just as capable of earrying on the war as Cajeme. Their taeties now, however, are quite different. Instead of going on as an army, they divide into small bands and raid ranches, running off stock and destroying fields. In some instances they have reduced whole communities to misery and want, and their wily ways baffle the troops who

want, and their wily ways baffle the troops who undertake their capture.

A large band are committing robberies as far north as Conacita, Sonora. Cattle have been run off by them nearly every day of late, and sugar-cane fields are devastated in the night.

A large detachment of infantry and cavalry has been sent to La Bonacita to protect the people and property and to capture the band, but so

Vice-President King's Resignation

BALTIMORE, Dec. 11 .- Mr. Thomas M. King, Second Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Raifroad, has resigned, having been informed that the "harmonious relations which should exist in the staff of the company will not exist if he continues to hold his present position." Ho submits with his resignation a long statement of the character of the service he has performed during the six and a half years of his connection with the company.

Among these enterprises he mentions the successful negotiation of several large loans and the acquisition of the controlling interest in the Staten Island Rapid Transit finitroad Company. "This road," he says, "will give your company unrivalled terminal facilities apon New York harbor, as it owns two miles of the best water front of Staten Island, where the largest vessels can come with ease. This has not cost the Baltimore and Ohio Company one dollar, and the local carnings will be sufficient to meet any fixed charges." position." He submits with his resignation a

Indianapolis, Dec. 11 .- A report reached here last night that the town of English, Crawford county, was in possession of a mob. On Thursday night, an old German citizen named Kraus, was taken from his home by White Caps, unmercifully whipped, thrown into a Caps, unmerefully, whipped, thrown into a stream and left to drown. He succeeded, however, in reaching land and getting to his home, where he was cared for. He recognized several of the gang who punished him, and after their description had been obtained, chikens organized a posse for the surpses of capturing and lynching the secondrels. The region is greatly excited, and it is said that the law-abiding people are determined that the outrages of the White Caps must be stopped.

He Cabled a Challenge to John L.

Robert Nelson Hill, a mason, living at 231 Bank street, Newark, wanted on Saturday night to meet John L. Sullivan in the ring, and went to the expense of sending a challenge to the champion by cable. It cost him nearly \$4.50, because he made the message longer than was really necessary. Hill is a weil-built fellow, but does not know much about prize fighting, it is said, and was inbering under in-He was assequent when he sent the message. He was assequent when he sent the message. He was assequently when a Sun reporter called, but one of his friends remarked that he did not think that Sullivan had any real grounds for alarm, as Mr. Hill would probably not insist on a fight.

Earthquakes in Mexico.

NOGALES, Ariz., Dec. 11.-Meagre details of seismic disturbances, which were general along the Pacific slope of Mexico, have been realong the racine slope of alexico, have been re-ceived here. At 5 c'cleck on Thursday morn-ing earthquake shocks, varying from one to two minutes in duration, were felt at San Blas and Tepica, Sinalos. At Bazatlan, at the same bour, a rumbling noise was heard, and it was followed by a slight shock. Throughout Sonora, at nearly every point, shocks were felt. Snocks have also been felt here.

Hugh Whoriskey, who was a delegate to the Central Labor Union, a member of the State Committee of the Henry George party and a prominent member of the United Order of American Carpenters, his sailed for Ireland, It is said that a relative has helved abolish his poverty by dying and leaving him £10,000.

Is Hugh Wherlakey's Poverty Abolished?

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 11.—The special Grand

Jury called to investigate the election tally sheet for-gories of 1885 made a report yesterday, returning eight indictments. The Courf ordered that the names be kept indictments that far made are hisbert Montgomery and The arrests that far made are hisbert Montgomery and Dr. C. R. Montgomery, Columbia, and Alegeman Gran-wille, Chicago. The latter was a writiness before the Grand Jury, and gave bond in \$1,000 for appearance on Monday.

MEMORANDA OF A SUICIDE.

I HAVE TAKEN MORPHINE-NOT ENOUGH MORPHINE-TRY ROPE,"

May God have Mercy Upon-Done this-Good By, Wife; Good By, Barber; Good By, Agnes-Danghter Fergive"-Donth. For nearly thirty years the signboard of John Wettlaufer, dentist, has been swinging in the neighborhood of Third avenue and Thirtythird street. Lately it has been at 171 East Thirty-third street. The dentist was a largebodied, good-looking German of 46

frank and jovial in manners. He let his upper rooms to Germans, and a barber on the top

A year ago the dentist's only son, Willie, ran

floor, George Fritz, was a crony of his,

sway from home, and he has not since been heard from. The father had worried ever since. He went to drinking heavily to drown his blues, and he began to get terrible headaches and periods of nervous prostration. It is suspected that he began to drug himself with morphine.

Last Friday he called on his friend, Dr. E. D. Ramsdell, for treatment. The Doctor advised him not to drink so much. He replied that he had decided to give up drinking altogether. The Doctor at first prescribed a tiny dose of chloral, but when Wettlaufer protested that he was not sick enough for that, Dr. Ramsdell substituted a tonic. The next day the dentist greeted the Doctor from his office window. He said he was much better. On Saturday night he dropped into Fritz's shop for awhile. He seemed well and jolly. He pleked up a newspaper and read an account of the suicide of Druggist Resencranz by morphine in the Central Hotel in West street. He was much laterested, and talked of different ways of committing sufficie. Returning home early, he passed a pleasant evening with his wife and little girl. Fritz heard him playing jolly tuned on the plane when he came in later. At 11 o'cleck the family went to bed.

When Mrs. Wettlauler awoke yesterday morning at 7:30 o'clock, her husband had go up. In the kitchen entry in the basement she found him hanging by a clothes line from a gas nipe which runs along the celling. He had stood on a stool and kicked the stool away. As he hung, his feetgbarely scraped the floor. His body was cold.

On a paper found on the kitchen table were certain hurried and almost fillegible pen scratches. The first writing was:

To nex Canoxes—Sir: I have taken morphins—will not be taken to a madhouse—I am not insign. Yours aches and periods of nervous prostration. It is suspected that he began to drug himself

To THE CORONER-Sir: I have taken morphine-will not be taken to a madhouse-I am not insane Yours

J. WETTLAUTER

An irregular line, lower down, in a more trem-bling hand, reads: not enough morphine

Further down the page, in an almost illegible hand, is hastily written the horrible determination: Then it is supposed he prepared the means for the end he finally accomplished. When all was ready, in a hand that is very difficult to read, he added to the story of his struggles this:

May God have mercy upon (illegible words) done this Good bye dear wife—good bye barber good bye Agnes daughter forgive (illegible)

daughter forgive (illegible) ?

The last words here look like "Rackling & Co.," but Mrs. Wettlaufer says they can have no meaning. On the back was written in German his farewells to his sister and friends.

All his friends say he had no business troubles, and that his home life was happier than most men's. He had been building a cottage at Freeport. His reference to a madenuss is supposed to indicate the turn taken by his disordered mind at the moment. The idea had never entered anybody's thoughts before.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH CONSECRATED. Handsome Decorations in the Refitted Church of the Immaculate Conception.

The Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception in East Fourteenth street. which has recently been entirely refitted and redecorated, was consecrated yesterday morn-Corrigan was the celebrant at the 7 o'clock service. The assistant priest was the Very Rev. Father Henry Gabriels, President of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy; deacon, the Rev. Father John Hughes of St. Jerome's; subdeacon, the Rev. Dennis Paul O'Flynn of Saugerties. Other visiting priests were the Rev. Father Kane, St. James's: the Rev. Father Healey, St. Bernard's; the Rev. Father Burns, Richmond, S. I.; the Rev. Father Lynch, Church

of the Transfiguration. The pontifical mass was celebrated at 11 o'clock by Bishop John J. Conroy. The sermon

o'clock by Bishop John J. Conroy. The sermon was preached by Bishop B. T. McQuaid, D. D., of Hochester.

The most important change in the interior of the church is the erection of a high altar of white American marble, hewn from one solid piece, with panels and columns of Mexican onyx. Above the door of the tabernacle is a piece of Irish marble seventeen feet high and sixten feet long, and costing \$4.500, contributed by the congregation. The altar is surmounted by an arcade of five stained chancel windows, on which are represented the principal features in the life of the Virgin. Some of the other windows are very rich in color and design. Under the chancel windows are statues of the Virgin and child, St. Catharine, St. Teresa, St. Peter, and St. Faul. On either side of the chancel walls are etchings in sperme, depicting on one wall the sacriflee of sperme, depicting on one wall the sacrifice of Mel-lsaac, and on the other the sacrifice of Mel-chisodec. The walls and colling have been re-frescoed, the predominating colors being neu-tral shades of brown and gold.

After hard work by the pastor, the Rev. Father John Edwards, the church, the corner stone of which was laid by the Rev. Father Sterris on Dec. 8, 1855, has been freed from debt. It is the seventh consecrated church in the city.

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the city.
Solemn vespers were celebrated in the evening. Dr. Braun of St. Elizabeth's Church,
Washington Heights, preaching the sermon.

The Work Goes On Without Gibbs.

Ex-President Gibbs of the Manhattan Temperance Association was not present at vesterday's meeting of the association at Cooper Union. The Hon, W. Jennings Demorest was in the chair. The other presiding officers are the Rev. Dr. I. K. Funk and the Hon. Horace the Roy. Dr. I. K. Funk and the Hon. Horace Waters. Dr. Funk will preside for the first month, beginning with next Sunday, and Mr. Waters will serve for the next month, and Mr. Demerest the month after. The audience was smaller than on the previous Sunday, and those of Gibbs's friends who ventured in stood up around the sides of the hall or left noisily white the Hon. John Lloyd Thomas was speaking. Gibbs's choir has been reorganized on the alleged ground that there had been too much fitring in it. It was rumored that none of Mr. Gibbs's friends were allowed to enter the stage door. Gibbs says he is still President of the association.

association. Highwaymen in West Houston Street. Patrick Reilly, a laborer, of 116 Tenth avenue, was beaten in Houston street, near West street, on Saturday night, by two men, who carried him foto a lumber yard near by and carries him felto a lumber yard near by and robbed him of his watch and \$19. Hulf an hour later four men attacked a pedestrian in Houston street, between Hudson and Variek, and stole his watch, the reported the robbery to a policeman, who directed him to the Prince street station, but he did not go there to give his name. The other night a man was knocked down and robbed at Bedford and Houston streets. No arrests have been made in either of these cases.

News from an Eurthquake Prophet,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Some of the earthquakes and explosions which I predicted for you are going to be the greatest which we have had this your are going to be the greatest which we have had this year, and ought, therefore, to be inserted in the papers in season in order to warn people from danger. The earthquakes which will take pince Dec. 12 and 18 and 23 will be the greatest, but the others will be dangerous also. Homember, the earthquakes for December will take pince Dec. 13, 15, and 16, 22 and 23, 26 and 27, 20 and 31, 80 rms, Dec. 15, 16, 17, and 18, Dec. 12 and 18. Greatest storm and earthquake for this year, Dec. 22, 23, and 24. NORWAY, Minn., Dec. 9.

Teresa Wren, aged eighteen, at a late hour on Saturday inght called at the house of life. King, 20 Channeey airset, and asked for a glass of water. When the water was given her die unived some rat polson with it and shocked it from her thid. In the still when Mrs. King up in the Fellomstreet station. She sated she had been deserted, by her lover and wanted to die.

Col. David R. Austin will assume command of the Thirteenth. Regiment to highly, and things will be let located in the Finithnel havenue armory in relebration of the restoration of harmony in the regiment.

The conference between the Executive Committee of the Limpure Protective Association and President Lewis of the City Bairond will be resumed on Wednesday. There are a few important points of differences to be settled, and it does not seem as if the employees are going to give way.

The fight for the extension of the bridge up Washing-

settled and it does not seem as it the supported and going to give way.

The fight for the extension of the bridge up Washington street to the City Hall square will be begun at the meeting of orbidge trustees to morrow. The hown-down Merchants' Association is going to oppose any steps looking to extonding the bridge beyond thoncord street. The trustees are much divided in opinion on the subject. Mayor-clock Chapin has received the annual reports of the heads of the various departments and is now busily engaged on his message. There will be no change in the personnel of the Commissions before Feb I, but on or soon after that date there is going to be a partial regrganization.

on of soon after that that the horse of the control of the frequency of the Recovery Cantrol Labor Union at the meeting yestereday afternoon in Labor Lyceum, Nyrtie street. Without red disc principles by declaring through a committee red disc principles by declaring through a committee was nothing in the constitution of the Failors. Union was nothing in the constitution of the Failors. Union the bound warrant such a report. The constitution to be committee and was the sametas that of other trades unions.